

GOOD TO LOVE.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

"You are so small, what good are you,
My little girl?" a preacher said.
Sparkled her eyes like morning dew,
Her cheeks were red as roses new,
Red on her lips sweet kisses grew,
And clustering curls danced on her
head.

"What good are you from morn till night,
You can't make cakes, nor hats, nor
cloaks,
Nor sweep, nor dust, nor keep things
bright,
You cannot read, you cannot write."
Then Norma, like a flash of light,
Replied, "Just good to love the folks."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

| | |
|--|--------|
| The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. | |
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 96, pp., monthly, illustrated. | 2 00 |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review | 2 75 |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together | 3 25 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 00 |
| Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 60 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 50 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Dew Drops, weekly, per year | 0 07 |
| Per quarter | 0 02 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 50 |
| Berean Leaf, quarterly | 0 06 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50c per 100. | |

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1897.

I WISH I WERE A GIRL.

SOME years ago, the ladies of the Female Educational Society opened a small girls' school at Cairo, to which a few little Mohammedan girls came; and they soon learned to love the school very much.

Some of the boys attended a Mohammedan school on the same street; but this was a dark, dismal place, and the master was armed with a great stick.

The little girls told their brothers what a nice happy place their schoolroom was, with pretty coloured pictures on the walls.

This had no small effect upon the boys; and one day a mob of little fellows beset the schoolroom door, exclaiming in chorus, "We want to come to school!"

Poor little boys! The teacher was very sorry to refuse them admission. One of the boldest slipped upstairs just to have a peep; and, while lessons were going on, a brown face, with a pair of bright and curious-looking black eyes, popped into

the schoolroom, and was shortly followed by a ragged blue shirt and two bare feet. He stared at the pictures, the counting-frame, and other objects, till the teacher, smiling, but feeling rather sad, gently took him by the hand and led him out of the room.

The poor little boy was heard to exclaim, in a plaintive voice, "I wish I were a girl!"

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER.

FATHER is off to the valley far away below, to do business of some sort and to get provisions and clothes for his numerous family. They all live up on the cow pastures of the Alps, where their father keeps a herd of cows and probably a few goats as well. Here they make cheese and butter, selling the rest of the milk to hotels and inns in the valleys. At the same time they always keep sufficient to support themselves and live very happily from the proceeds. The father has just started, as we see, on his journey, of once a month or so, to the nearest town; and the three children are watching his form grow smaller as he descends lower and lower into the distant haze that always hangs over the valleys of the higher Alps on a hot summer morning. What bright, pretty faces the children have, and no wonder, for they lead as healthy a life as can be imagined, always breathing the pure, sweet air of the mountain heights that is so exhilarating and beneficial. These mountain pastures lend a peculiar charm to the middle slopes of the Alps; for, besides the fresh appearance of the green turf, the roving cattle give an appearance of life and activity which is wholly wanting in the higher solitudes. Besides this, each cow or goat has a bell attached to its neck, and as they move slowly along, cropping the rich grass, the quaint sound of the bells, with many different notes, can be heard at a considerable distance. The wind, too, often carries them down to the valleys far below. Then the effect is very pretty and softened by the distance.

HOW MISS AMELIA HAD HER OWN WAY.

DOLL-DOM was down under the big apple-tree. There were branches of evergreen dividing the rooms, and in the rooms were boxes for stools and tables, broken china and a few whole cups and plates, dolls' chairs and a cupboard, trunk and bureau. Best of all was a new doll-carriage. This came with Nan's newest doll, Miss Amelia, who was the prettiest and, alas! the most discontented of all Nan's children.

She had been about the world more than the rest, with Nan's Aunt Nell, and she said she "hated to stay in Doll-dom from morning till night—yes, she did."

Nan's brother Ned had a pug-dog. One day while Nan was being dressed, upstairs, Ned harnessed Mr. Pug to the new doll-carriage, set Miss Amelia on the seat, and, with the lines, drove about the yard.

But Mr. Pug did not like to be driven; he jumped about so he jerked the lines from Ned's hand, and ran away.

Oh! how frightened Miss Amelia was, to go tearing about in this way, expecting every moment to have her head broken.

Uncle Ned took her picture with his kodak, instead of trying to save her—cruel man! But Nan didn't wait to see her picture. She ran down the big garden and stopped Mr. Pug, and saved her darling Miss Amelia.

Miss Amelia never wanted to leave her home again. She had had enough of seeing the world.

A "LITTLE MAN."

THAT is what I heard his mother call him one hot day in June. He was a little fellow, not quite four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building blocks, and much interested in a store that he was erecting. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped, and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy, "I'll dit him somefin' to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch. The little fellow poured some water in it, and set it before the dog, who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don," said the boy; "I'll dit some more."

Five times the little boy filled the little saucepan; then the dog bobbed his head, waved his tail, and went off. The little fellow laughed gleefully.

"He said, 'Fank you,' didn't he, mamma? I des he was glad to dit some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," mamma answered.

That same day, a little later, two little children came along. Stopping outside the fence, they peered into the yard. They wore ragged clothes, and were bare-footed. They looked at the little boy within the gate with an expression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he said; "maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may if you wish," mamma answered smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer to the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?" questioned the waif longingly.

"One for each of us?" put in the other.

"You tan have your hands full," was the smiling answer. "I's dot a whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the sweet flowers, violets and pinks and June roses, which his fair little hands held out to the "unwashed," who thanked him with grateful voices, and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother in a low, fervent voice. He did not hear her, but I am sure that God will bless him.